

Miscellaneous Department.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

BY CELIA THAYER.

Drooped the warm rain from the brooding sky
Softly all the summer afternoon;
Up the road I lolled carelessly,
Glad to be alive in blissful June.

Though as gray the sky, and though the mist
Swept the hills and half their beauty hid,
Though the scattering drops the broad leaves kiss'd
And no ray twined the purple slide—

Yet the daisies told their white and gold
In the quiet folds on either side,
And the green ground deepened in the old
Walnut-trees that hung their branches wide.

And the placid river wound away
Westward to the hills through meadows fair,
Flower-fringed and starred, white blithe and gay
Called the blackbirds through the lagoon air.

Right and left I scanned the landscape round;
Every shape, and scent, and wild bird's call,
Every color, curve and gentle sound,
Deep into my heart I gathered all.

Low I looked, and down upon the sod
Sprinkled thick with violets blue and bright;
Surely, "Through His garden walked God,"
Laid I whispered, full of my delight.

Like a vision on the path before
Came a little, rose-brown maid,
Straying toward me from her cottage-door;
Paused, unobtrusive, shy, half afraid.

Never would she speak, but, gazing so,
Slow a smile rose to the clear brown eyes,
Overlooking her face with such a glow
That I thrilled with sudden, sweet surprise.

Here was sunshine 'neath the cloudy skies
Low I knelt to bring her face to mine,
Sweeter, brighter grew her shining eyes,
Till she gave me neither word nor sign.

But within her heart a blessing beamed;
Meek I grew before it—was it just?
Was I worthy this pure light that streamed
Such approval, and such love and trust?

Half the flowers I carried in my hands
Lighly in her pretty arms I laid;
Silent, but as one who understands,
Clipped them close, the rosey little maid.

Far behind the honeysuckle spray
Showed her innocent, delicate face;
Then rose and slowly went my way,
Left her standing, lighting all the place.

With her golden lock stole after me,
Loverly bloomed the violet where I trod,
More divine earth's beauty seemed to be,
"Through his garden walked God,"

—Atlantic Monthly for June.

THE TEMPLE FORTRESSES OF EGYPT.

We extract the following from Dr. Belzoni's, interesting book of travels entitled "The Old World in Its New Phase."

Travelers, from being the first of the temple we visited, and from its unusual state of preservation, made an extraordinary impression upon us. As you approach over a desert of sand and the crumbled debris of the old city of Thebes, the spot where the Egyptians built the abode of Athor (the Greek Aphrodite), your heart beating with the excitement of a first visit to an Egyptian temple, you come suddenly (on the point of mounds of sand cutting off the prospect) upon the view of a portico supported by four rows of six columns each, and such columns as fairly break down all previous anticipations by their vastness and splendor! Eight feet in diameter and thirty-two feet in height, with capitals of a composite order, in which the circular base is set round with flowers and interlaced leaves, they present the most magnificent introduction to Egyptian temple architecture. The pillars, indeed, are crowded too near together, and the vice of Egyptian architecture as well as its characteristic grandeur—too much matter to serve the object for which it is brought together, in this case, is to support the roof, too much solidity for any required purpose of security or stablesness—is thus at once brought upon your eye. Beyond the portico enters a hall of six columns with three rooms on either side; next succeeds a central chamber, opening on one side into two small rooms and on the other communicating with a staircase so low in its angles, so straight and loop in its flight and so beautifully adorned with intaglio figures, that of itself it holds your attention and brings you back to it again and again. Then comes another chamber with two rooms on one side and one on the other, which opens on the adytum or sanctuary, which has a special architecture in its isolated position, and is a kind of temple within a temple. A passage leads entirely round it and opens on the same rooms on each side. The total length of the temple is 220 feet, the front is 115 feet, and the sides incline toward each other so that the back wall is only 82 feet wide. This was, as we afterward found, a universal feature of the temples. They artificially increased the perspective effect by narrowing the sides, and by the use of a false perspective, so that the temple appeared to be a wide quiver from the rear to the front and from the front to the sanctuary.

Usually an outer wall of unburnt brick, of great thickness and strength, surrounded the whole temple, making it still more like a fortress, and already rendered it a fortress. And this became more clear as we saw more and more of these temples—that the early form of government in Egypt must have been strictly hierarchal, and the pontiff the original king; that the temples were the citadels of priestly power, the places from which they governed and protected the people; and that after Menes's time, the king, who, though distinct in some theoretic way from the priestly, was built upon the religious affections and fears of the people, as at this day in Russia the czar is the head of the Greek Church, and in Turkey the sultan the head of the Moslem faith. But in Egypt, warlike as the country was, the cities were without walls. Spite of Homer's hundred-gated Thebes, there had no walls, and Homer, if he did anything but guess, must have mistaken the gates of her temples for the gates of the city. But the temples, as I have said, were really military fortresses, large enough to receive and protect the whole population in case of invasion, and strong enough, as once happened, to resist for years the assaults of the army of the monarch when Thebes revolted against his authority. The tremendous strength and vastness of these structures is thus, at least in part, accounted for. The inside of the great and the columns, the outer wall, each and every part of the structure is covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures—either very low bas-reliefs or else in relief. These sculptures are the forms of the gods and goddesses—of Isis and Horus (the great Egyptian Trinity) of the monarch who built or added to the temple; of illustrations of his life and warlike adventures; or of matters connected with the temple, pertaining strictly to Athor, who represents the maternal principle at Dendera, as Isis does at most other temples, and who is sculptured here in the hieroglyphics to be her son. His name was Ebnou, and he is the third member of the local triad, as Harpocrates was of Isis and Osiris.

MOSLEM VIGOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

There is nothing but a fortress, everything else being strictly subordinated to the military services of the place. It is, as everybody knows, one of his chief interest to the part it played in the Crusades during the two centuries from about A. D. 1100 to 1300, when "the world's debate" was going on touching the relative claims of the Moslem Crescent and the Christian Cross to rule in the earth. Here those great knights, Baldwin and Philip Augustus and Richard Coeur de Lion, planted the standard of the Red Cross, and here Saladin, the equal in chivalry and in sincerity, gave them proofs that faith in the Arabian prophet had a fearful vigor in its mailed hand. Here flocked the noble representatives of all the Christian powers of Europe to uphold the trembling banner of our faith, whose insecurity then, from the confident and cheerful assurance of Moslem, was so hard for the victorious spirit of our modern Christian civilization to do justice to.

Those who imagine that a zeal for the rescue of the Sepulchre and the holy places was the chief cause of the Crusades, will change their opinion when they get a new view of the Moslem faith, and see even its present power to the right and over which it spreads. The faith in the middle ages was immense, as the monuments of its military and its religious power and power, now in ruins all over Egypt, Syria and Turkey, fully attest. Christian civilization did right to fear it, and to withstand it with all its might, and the best way to withstand it was to carry the war into the enemy's country. The Crusades, whose vast traces are left in a thousand places, the Syrian coast, were a magnificent outburst of half-ferried, half-lusit Christendom in behalf of its own altars, seriously threatened with desolation from a hateful rival faith, none the less dreaded because a parody of Jewish and Christian dogmas, with their characteristic spirit, turned backward. Acre was the centre of Christian strength in the Holy Land. In a beautiful way, just half way between Carmel and the Scala Tyriorum, or Stairs of Tyre, it looks across a broad and fertile plain of sixteen miles length and eight or ten miles breadth to the hills of Galilee. In the Crusading times it was a mighty, and deemed to be an impregnable fortress, and was nearly the last place which the Syrian powers surrendered to the Mussulman. Even now it is in good condition as a fortress, and might offer a strong resistance to modern weapons, were its armament equal to its walls, which show as much engineering skill as is commonly seen in European works. But its canons are terribly rusty, and exhibit signs of long neglect. Unpainted gates and rusty carriages are all it has of the decaying vigor of the Turkish Empire, and it is safe to say that Acre could not, with its present armament, resist a single ship of war, under any European flag, for a day. How different from the day when the flower of Christendom for thirty-three days stood the siege of the Sultan Melik, who was nearly the last defender, conquered by irresistible power, to the sword of the five hundred Knights of St. John then held out in the citadel after the walls had all been taken, until only fifteen were left alive.

THE LOST DAY.
BY L. H. ROGERS.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise:
Set round with three times eight
In the garden of Eden,
And each with fifty smaller and bright,
All changed as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's maze wind,
Where trifles folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to me 'twas given,
A golden harp to play,
Sung to the white-robed choir attune
To deathless melody.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel my sense is vain;
The gem of countless price,
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven's entrusted gift
Is left away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
Like herring and sea bed,
I'll see it in his hand
The judgment quick and dead;
And when of scales and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dead inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.
I read the other day in *The Dublin Review*:
"We Catholics are apt to be cowed and scared by the lordly appearance of public opinion, and not to care ourselves much for the anti-Catholic society of England." It is good to have an habitual consciousness that the public opinion of Catholic Europe looks upon Protestant England with a mixture of impatience and compassion, which more than balances the arrogance of the English people toward the Catholic Church in these countries.

The Holy Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman, can take very good care of herself, and I am not going to defend her against the scorn of Exeter Hall. Catholicism is not a great visible force in this country, and the mass of mankind will always be rightly angry with things the most venerable, if they do not present themselves as visible before their eyes. In Catholic countries, as *The Dublin Review* itself says with triumph, they have very little account of the greatness of Exeter Hall. The majority has eyes only for the things of the majority, and in England the immense majority is Protestant. And yet, in spite of all this, the library of the Holy Catholic Church in London is the writer in *The Dublin Review*, has in a Protestant country inevitably to undergo, in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion may he see in his eyes open. I will tell you one of them. Let him go in London to that delightful spot, that happy island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. Let him visit its sacred quarter, the region where its theological books are placed. I am almost afraid to say what will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. Let him find in the Catholic work, the collection of the Abbe Migne, lordling it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Protestantism is duly retooled, indeed, Mr. Pauli knows his business, but the library of Protestantism there; there is a library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, learned de-

corps, exemplary, but a little monotonous, the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, unending; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the time; there are the works of Dr. Channing, and last word of religious philosophy in the world where every one has some culture and some superlatives are disconcerted—the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity. But how are all these divided against one another, and how, though they were all united, are they dwarfed by the Catholic Leontias, their neighbor? Majestic in its bigness and gold in its sheen, after all, and compartment after compartment, might mounting up into heaven among the white flocks of the *Acta Sanctorum*, its left plinking down hell among the yellow oxtails of the *Lazs Digest*. Everything is there, in that immense *Patrologia Graeca Completa*, in that *Encyclopaedia Theologiae*, that *Nouvelle Encyclopaedia Theologiae*, that *Troisième Encyclopaedia Theologiae*; religion, philosophy, history, geography, arts, sciences, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interest; like one of the great Middle-Age Cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in scripture, it drags everything to land, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it is but matter of human concern, and embracing as the power whose product it is a power, for history, at any rate, eminently the Church; not, I think, the Church of the future, but indisputably the Church of the past, and in the past, the Church of the multitude.

This is why the man of imagination—nay, and the philosopher, too, in spite of his philosophy—burn him—will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type and of definite attainments; the Catholicism suggests to us a type of man, so that it is but matter of human concern, and embracing as the power whose product it is a power, for history, at any rate, eminently the Church; not, I think, the Church of the future, but indisputably the Church of the past, and in the past, the Church of the multitude.

EFFECTS OF COLOR ON DISEASE.—The power of colors on disease, once supposed to exist, may be considered as a branch of sympathetic medicine. White substances were considered refrigerant and red ones heating. The red color was given for disease of the blood, and yellow for the bile. In small-pox, red coverings, bed curtains, etc., were used to bring out the eruption. The patient was only to look at the red substances and his drink was colored red. The physician of Edward II. treated the king's son successfully by this rule; and as lately as 1765, the Duke of Gloucester, when sick of the small-pox, was, by the order of his physicians, rolled up in a scarlet cloth; and he did not withstand. Flannel, nine times dyed blue, was used for glandular swellings. To this day the tradition remains that certain colors are good for certain disorders. Thousands of people believe that red flannel is better than white for rheumatism. A red lining around the neck is a common preventive of nose-bleed.—Once a Week.

REST.
Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the lifting
Of self to one's sphere.

"Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without stir,
Flinging to ocean,
After this life.

"Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
The onward, onward,
And this is true rest.

GOETHE.
JAPANESE.

ALL the natives are remarkably short in stature, the male sex averaging not more than five feet six inches in height, or four inches less than that of Europeans. Their faces are somewhat lozenge-shaped, the cheek-bones high and prominent, the wide mouth, and the nose short—not flat as in the negroes, or prominent as in the Europeans. They are generally of a mild disposition, except the wild tribes in the mountainous parts of Sumatra and Java. The Japanese are generally hospitable and trustworthy. They are usually quiet, and extremely indolent. They have an insatiable passion for gambling, which no restrictive or prohibitory laws can eradicate. They are nominally Mahomedans, but have none of the tenets of that sect in Arabia. They still retain many of the tenets of the Hindu religion, and their belief may be properly defined as a mixture of Hinduism and Mahomedanism. A few are "Christians," that is, they attend the service of the Dutch Church, and do not shave their heads or wear their hair in the usual manner. They are cleanly in their habits, and scores of all ages may be seen in the streets, in the morning and evening, especially in the morning and evening. The women, their universal dress, is peculiarly fitted for this habit. When they have finished their bath, a dry one is drawn on over the head, and the wet one is slipped off beneath, without exposing the person in the least. The females wear the sarong, a generally tight-fitting tight robe, just under the arms. Occasionally it is made with sleeves, like a loose gown. A dress-fitting jacket or *baie* is worn with it. The men have but a few hairs for beard, and these they generally pull out with a pair of iron tweezers. The hair of the head in both sexes is lank, coarse and worn long. Each sex, there, resembles the other so closely that nearly every foreigner will, at first, find himself puzzled in many cases to know whether he is looking at a man or a woman. This want of differentiation in the sexes possibly indicates their low rank in the human family, if the law may be applied here that obtains among most other animals. Every day I went out to collect the peculiar bird and beautiful butterflies of that region, my favorite place for this pleasure being in an old Chinese cemetery just outside the city, where, as the land was level, the earth had been thrown up into mounds to keep the bones of their inmates from "the wet unfortunate places," just as in China, when far from any mountain or hill. A Malay servant followed, carrying my ammunition and collecting boxes. At first I supposed he would have many superstitious objections to wandering to and fro with me over the relics of the Celestials, but to my surprise, I found his people cultivating the spaces between the graves, as if they, at least, did not consider it sacred soil; yet several times, when we came to the graves of his own ancestors, he was careful to approach with every manifestation of awe and respect. A small piece of land, a hamlet, and a buffalo, comprise all the worldly possessions of most coolies, and with these they always seem most enviously contented.—*Travels in the East Indian Archipelago*, by Albert S. Hickmore, M. A.

NO EXERCISE EQUAL TO LAUGHTER.—Nothing acts so directly upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the center table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience.

NATURE'S TOILET.
GATHERING wild, sweet flowers,
All fresh with diamond dew,
The daisy and convolvulus
And dropping in the dew:
Weaving them into a garland
As if they were jewels rare,
And then tending over the streamlet
To wreath them round her hair;
A gentle sight
Or a face more bright
Had never been mirrored there.

Heart-weary of glare and fashion,
Heart-weary of worldly strife,
Who wishes sign for his vanished
Contentment of early life;
For tastes as pure and as simple,
With which to beguile the hours,
As when in the days of childhood
Queenship was a crown of flowers!
And we found our treasures
In those fair treasures
Which Nature around us showers.

And yet, if we will, sweet Nature
Is as ready to bless us now
As when we entwined her blossoms
Of beauty around our brow;
And our hearts may be fresh and tender
And our feelings as warmly glow,
As when we played in the meadows,
All careless of wealth and slow;
And in life's full stream
Heaven still may gleam
As it did long years ago.

—Boston Transcript.

THE LAKES OF NEVADA.—Nevada has seven lakes of considerable size. Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada mountains, is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is about equally in Nevada and California, is remarkably clear and cool, and is celebrated for the abundance and excellence of its fish, trout weighing twenty to thirty pounds being often caught in it. The scenery is beautiful, and it is a great summer resort. The lake is twenty miles long by ten to twelve in width. Washoe Lake, in Washoe Valley, is six or eight miles in length and three or four in width. The water is clear and cool, and is celebrated for the abundance and excellence of its fish, trout weighing twenty to thirty pounds being often caught in it. The scenery is beautiful, and it is a great summer resort. The lake is twenty miles long by ten to twelve in width. Washoe Lake, in Washoe Valley, is six or eight miles in length and three or four in width. 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